Kent in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approch apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody, fare you well ſir.
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe holde,
Or whether ſince he is aduiſd by ought
To change the courſe, he is full of alteration
And ſelfe-reprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our ſiſters man is certainly miſcarried.
Baſt. Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my ſiſter?
Baſt. I honor'd loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forefended place?
Baſt. That thought abuſes you.
Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct
And boſom'd with her, as farre as we call hers.
Baſt. No by mine honor Madam.
Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her,
Deere my Lord be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare me not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troopes.

Gon. I had rather looſe the battell
Then that ſiſter ſhould looſen him and me.
Alb. Our very louing ſiſter well be-met,
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt
I neuer yet was valiant: for this buſineſſe

It toucheth vs, as France inuades our land
Not bolds the king, with others whom I feare,
Moſt iuſt and heauy cauſes make oppoſe.
Baſt. Sir you ſpeake nobly.
Regan. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together gainſt the enemy,
For theſe domeſticke doore particulars,
Are not to queſtion heere.
Alb. Let vs then determine
With the Ancient of warre on our proceedings.
Baſt. I ſhall attend you preſently at your Tent.
Reg. Siſter youle go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. Tis moſt conuenient, pray you go with vs.
Gon. O ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. *Exit*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with one ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this Letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet ſounde
For him that brought it, wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proone
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
Fortune loue you.
Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it,
When time ſhall ſerue let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will looke ore the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Hard is the gueſſe of their great ſtrength and forces
By diligẽt diſcouery, but your haſt is now vrgd on you